THE NEW ART OF "NEAR-LOVE-MAKING."

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"Men," sighed the widow, selecting a pale pink bonbon from the box in her lap and fixing it with uncertain aim at the expectant collie on the rug, "have forgotten how to say nice things."

The bachelor gazed ruefully at his prize dog, who snapped up the sweet and wagged his tail for more.

"He will die of sugar-on-the-heart," he groaned.

"Well, that's better," declared the widow, "than dying for the want of it."

"Besides," went on the bachelar, "it isn't what we've forgotten, but what we remember that makes us so—er—careful:"

The widow stopped with a chocolate peppermint poised in midair and gazed at the bachelor suspiciously.

"What do you—remember, Mr. Travers?" she inquired, coldly.

"What happened the last time we said them," explained the bachelor, reluctantly, "and what a lot of difficulty we had proving that we didn't mean 'em. Women," he continued apologetically, "are like the collie there. They swallow everything you tell them, and then look at you as if they expected more. Their appetite for sweet things is never appeased and once you begin feeding them sugar plums they insist that you go on doing it to the end of your days. As for love making——"

"There isn't any love making any more," interrupted the widow, shaking her head sadly "it's a lost art. There's nothing but 'near-love-making.' Real love making went out of fashion with real buckwheat, and real complexions and real duels. The modern tepid apology is only a cotton-backed imitation like near-silk and near diamonds and——"

"Oh, well," broke in the bachelor, consolingly, "it serves the purpose just as well."

"And rattles just as loudly," added the widow, sarcastically.

"And fills in the blank spaces," agreed the bachelor, "like the summer holidays and the intermissions between dances and the pauses in the conversation at dinner. And it has lots of advantages over the real thing; it's not so expensive and doesn't last so long, and when it has lost its luster and its freshness or there comes a break in it, you don't particularly mind. It's so safe and comfortable——"

"And cheap," interpolated the widow scornfully. "It's like adulterated coffee or diluted cream; it hasn't got the natural flavor. It's about as satisfying to a person pining for real romance as a quick lunch to a person starving for a real dinner. There aren't any artistic lovers outside of books, nowadays. Even you——"

"Me?" The bachelor nearly dropped his cigar on the collie's tail.

"Yes," returned the widow; "whenever you have just finished proposing, I always sit down and wonder what you've said."

"So do I," rejoined the bachelor fervently.

"And when I've gone all over the whole conversation, I find that you haven't really said anything."

"And I always believed I said too much," murmured the bachelor.

"You are so deftly indefinite," sighed the widow.

"I try to be careful," explained the bachelor humbly.

"That's it!" cried the widow indignantly. "It's because men are so 'careful' that love-making has lost its pith and its charm. If Romeo had been 'careful' about what he said to Juliet we'd never have had the balcony scene. If Paolo had been 'careful' what he said to Francesca, or Anthony had been 'careful' what he told Cleopatra, or Abelard and Heloise had been 'careful' what they wrote to each other——"

"They'd all have lived long and died happy," broke in the bachelor.

"They would never have 'lived' at all!" declared the widow. "They would never have known the exquisite joy of throwing away a kingdom for a kiss. They would have gone on, like we do, subsisting on the weak tea of flirtation and the gas logs of imitation love instead of the divine fire. Love is like gambling; it's no fun unless you are willing to take a few big risks. You can't be careful and enthusiastic at the same time; and I'd rather be wooed by a nice looking cannibal with a club than by the average languid, inert male person of the present day," and the widow tossed a whole handful of chocolate almonds on to the rug and watched the collie gobble them up with great satisfaction.

"Oh, well," objected the bachelor languidly, "proposing club fashion wouldn't do any good. If that should become popular the girls would take all the piquancy out of it by going around bareheaded and holding their pompadours where the blow would be sure to fall. It was the pleasure of the chase that gave clubbing its spice, and the more anxious a maiden was to be married the harder she made it for the man with the club to catch her."

The widow flung a violet bonbon at the collie with so much energy and recklessness that it hit him on the nose and sent him growling oft into the corner.

"There!" exclaimed the bachelor, "you've done it!"

"Done—what?" asked the widow.

"What the girls always do. Shown him too much attention and flung your attractions so flagrantly at him that they don't interest him any more. If you'd been a little more coy and less generous you could have him on his hind knees begging for favors this minute."

"I tried to make him beg first," pleaded the widow with humility. "I gave him every encouragement."

"It's not encouragement we want to make the game interesting," retorted the bachelor. "It's a little—dis-couragement. You wouldn't keep on chasing a deer or a bear or a fox—if it turned around and began to chase you, would you?"

"No-o," agreed the widow, "but perhaps if you were a little keener in the pursuit and a little more deft at handling your weapons and skilled in manipulating your nets and enthusiastic about catching us, it wouldn't be such a temptation to—to——"

"Help us out and lead us on and hunt us down!" finished the bachelor promptly.

"We have to," protested the widow. "You've grown so rusty and awkward at the game and gotten so out of practice that even when you do try to make love you generally do it at the wrong time or in the wrong way or to the wrong girl. Even when a man is dreadfully in earnest nowadays he's got the habit of being so indefinite that he never says right out and out, 'I love you,' or 'Will you marry me?' He just goes on making near-love speeches and paper-lined protestations such as 'You are the sweetest woman in the world' and 'I think of you all the time,' and 'You know what I mean,' and 'Don't you know I do?' and——"

"Well, don't you know he does?" broke in the bachelor quickly.

"Not until you are walking down the church aisle with your wedding certificate in your hand!" declared the widow promptly. "Besides," she added, "even if you did know it, that wouldn't be equivalent to being told so. You know how honey tastes; but that isn't the same thing as tasting it. And it isn't whether a man loves you or not that makes so much difference; it's whether he knows how to make you believe he loves you and——"

"We haven't any handy guidebooks to the art," pleaded the bachelor, "nor any theories, nor——"

"It isn't theories you need," remarked the widow warmly. "It's practice. Every man was a perfect lover in the days of the Louis, when it was considered bad form to talk to a lady for half an hour without making love to her, and every woman knew what it meant to be made love to."

"But," protested the bachelor, "if we should try that, we'd never get beyond the first woman in these days. She'd pin us down to a proposal or a breach of promise. I once tried courting a la Heloise and Abelard," he added reminiscently.

"You!" The widow looked incredulous.

"When I was very young," explained the bachelor apologetically; "we all try it once."

"And how did the courting end, Mr. Travers?" asked the widow coldly.

"In court," replied the bachelor briefly.

"Well, at least," declared the widow obstinately, "you had the delightful sensation of real pursuit."

"It was nothing to the sensation of the suit," sighed the bachelor.

The widow rose abruptly and gazed out of the window through a transparent medium composed of the bachelor's head and body.

"It's getting very chilly," she remarked irrelevantly.

"I know it," said the bachelor, noting her frigid lips, but keeping his chair quite unconcernedly.

"Must you hurry?" asked the widow with polite solicitation.

"I suppose I must," agreed the bachelor reluctantly, "if you say so; but Rex looks so comfortable it's a shame to——"

"Oh, he can stay," said the widow sweetly.

"That's the way with a woman," complained the bachelor. "She is always sighing for love and devotion; but it's invariably the ungrateful dog who ignores her and stands off at a distance and lets himself be adored whom she treats with the greatest consideration and who gets his way with her every time. The unlucky fellow who comes to her on his knees——"

"I hadn't noticed any rubbed spots on your knees," interrupted the widow, glancing at the bachelor's carefully creased trousers witheringly.

"You know what I mean!" grumbled the bachelor.

The widow sat down again and became suddenly interested in sorting the bonbons in the box on her lap.

"I know what you say," she corrected, "but I don't know what you think."

"I think of you," protested the bachelor fervently, "all the time."

The widow continued sorting bonbons without raising her lashes, but a faint tinge of pink stole up to her little ears.

"You're the sweetest woman in the world!" declared the bachelor, rising and coming over beside her.

"Oh, don't—don't, Billy!" implored the widow, leaning over the bonbon box so far that the bachelor could not see her face, and placing a violet cream beside a stuffed date with elaborate care.

"Don't what?" asked the bachelor in astonishment.

"Don't say it, unless you really mean it."

"You know I do!" cried the bachelor, catching her hands in his with a firm clasp, "and this is the last—the very last—time I am going to ask you. Now, will you—or will you not?" he finished, determinedly holding her fingers and wrists.

The widow rose so suddenly that the box of bonbons fell to the floor, and the scattered sweets rolled to the uttermost parts of the room.

"Will I—what?" she asked, looking straight into the bachelor's face with disconcerting directness.

"Will you—er—marry me?" asked the bachelor, startled into coherency.

"At last!" cried the widow softly.

"Do you know," she said five minutes later, as she straightened her ruffled pompadour in front of the mirror over the library mantelpiece, "that that's the first time you ever really propcsed to me, Billy Travers?"

"It's the first time I ever really proposed to anybody," declared the bachelor. "I told you I'd never get beyond the first."

But the widow apparently did not even hear him.

"I think," she said, catching his arm and pulling him over beside her in front of the mantel mirror, "that we'll make a very nice looking couple."

HER DOG HAD HYSTERICS.

Canine Gave a Clever Imitation of His Mistress' Symptoms.

From the Chicago Examiner.

When the modern veterinary surgeon enters a house to prescribe for the family pet, he sets about—deftly and diplomatically—to find out the physical condition of the family in general, and, notably and essentially, of that member of the family to whom the dog belongs.

A veterinary surgeon was recently called in to see a dog that had developed extraordinary symptoms. The dog would jump about, bark joyfully, and wag his tail in delight. Doggy would aproach as nearly as he possibly could to a laugh, and the very next instant he would howl and wail as if for a dead master.

After some thoughtful silence the doctor got an inspiration. He diplomatically got rid of the young woman, then asked her mother if any member of the family was subject to hysterics. And this was what he learned.

The daughter was of a highly nervous temperament, and occasionally went off into laughing and crying hysterics. The dog was her special property. They ate together, walked together, played together, were inseparable, so when missy went off into laughing and crying hysterics, doggy tried his hand at it, and it must be confessed that he gave a clever imitation.

YOUNG WOMEN GOOD NIMRODS

Crack of the Gun a Pleasant Sound to These Two Maidens.

Bagged Forty-one Pheasants and Four Rabbits in a Week's Hunt. Declare It a Grand Sport.

Miss Mary Haydon, of Jeanesville, daughter of J. C. Haydon, a retired coal operator; Miss Leatel Halsey, of New York, and John J. Ferry, of Jeanesville, who acted as their escort, returned after a hunting trip with the largest string of game ever brought to Hazelton at one time, says a Hazelton, Pa., dispatch to the Philadelphia Ledger. It consisted of forty-one pheasants, two woodcock, and four rabbits.

The Misses Haydon and Halsey are crack shots. Miss Haydon takes hunting trip every fall and, accompanied by her dogs, generally meets with more success than attends the quest of hundreds of men who roam the forest from one end to the other.

"How do we hunt?" asked Miss Haydon when asked to describe her experiences. "Well, we simply hunt." Continuing, she said:

"The crack of the gun is a famallar and pleasant sound to me and my friend Miss Halsey. We go where we think game is most plentiful, and the densest woods have no terrors for us. It is game we go after, and we follow wherever our dogs lead. We like to breathe the air of the woods, and it is our greatest delight to be where we can see the pheasants rise or the rabbits run. We pursue the same methods in hunting as do the ordinary sportsmen. With our weapons always ready, wherever our setters or hounds point the way we go into the hunt with the same enthuisasm that marks every true follower of the pastime.

Shooting on the wing at a pheasant and blazing away at a rabbit running like a deer was somewhat of a novelty to us at first, but we soon became accustomed to the excitement, and the number of birds we shot speaks as well for us as I could tell you in my own words.

"The weather was ideal and we greatly enjoyed the trip. We found all kinds of game plentiful except quail. We did not come across the 'Bob White.' This scarcity is a good argument for the appeal of the game protective associations for the sparing of these birds.

"All of the party was most enthusiastic and the life of the hunter thoroughly agreed with us. Our long tramps through the woods took us to some of the thickest sections of the wilds of Huntingdon Valley, but no matter how dense the bush or rough the way we never lost spirit and not one bird escaped us. Hunting is one of the grandest sports a woman can indulge in, and we look forward with great delight to the time when we can again leave the whirl of the city and enjoy the strenuous life of the nimrod."

A Hint.

Fence mending politicians,
To win undying fame,
Please put some knotholes in them
That we may see the game.
—New York Herald.

A MOTOR CAP IN BEAVER.

In the search for novelty that is the secret and the foundation of fashion—fashion and fashions that are eternally changing—the furrier has turned once more with a favorable glance to beaver, and to the somewhat rarer and scarcer otter. The thick and dense fur of the beaver tones in delightfully with both the fashion for smooth surfaces and with the color card, since the beaver shade is one that is highly modish in cloth and velvet—to say nothing of velveteens and corduroys—that are worn by the fashionables this season. The large crown of the flat Tam o' Shanter order that one sees on so many of the imported millinery models is used for this piece of motor headgear, the brim taking the approved visor form that distinguishes such apparel from that intended merely for street purposes. A little touch of trimming is attempted to relieve the flatness of the fur, this taking the form of rosettes of pale blue velvet, shading on the turquoise tints, tucked in between the crown and the brim on the left side, and running up on the crown toward the back. A curled coque plume in brown serves to harmonize the contrasting tints of fur and velvet nicely, and adds a feminine touch to the somewhat masculine shape of the model.

SCRAMBLE FOR MAIDS

How Southern Husbands Solved Servant Problem.

BIDDERS ON STEAMER PIER

Arrival of Immigrants at Charleston Occasion of a Wild Rush to Secure German and French Servants—Girls Thought They Were in Danger of Kidnapping—Engaged on the Spot.

Housewives in Atlanta, and their husbands even more so, will be rejoiced to hear that there is now in sight a possible solution of the present servant-girl problem which is not only practical, but has already proved eminently successful. Last week there arrived in Charleston the steamship Wittekind, of the North German Lloyd service, bringing some 400 or 500 immigrants, who were landed directly on Southern soil, says the Atlanta Constitution.

All of these immigrants were brought to Charleston under the direction of Commissioner of Immigration Watson, of South Carolina. By railroad officials and others who saw these at the time of their arrival, it was generally conceded that they were much the finest body of prospective Americans that have landed in this country in a long time, and were not to be compared with the kind that daily throng the station at Ellis Island in New York. Many of these were expert weavers, and all were immediately taken to their destination by a waiting special train of the Southern Railway, which proved to be a big factor in the bringing of these immigrants to the South.

Among the passengers on the Wittekind were some forty or fifty German and French servant maids, who came here for the purpose of working as servants in the homes of Americans. They were described by Atlantans who saw them as being the very acme of cleanliness, strong, and with rosy cheeks. It was also evident that they belonged to a very good class, and through interpreters it was learned that they were well trained in the duty of cooks, serving maids, and nurse maids.

Were Waiting on Pier.

When it became known that these were on the Wittekind some several days before its arrival in port, several prominent men from Charleston and other South Carolina cities, from Savannah, Atlanta, and other Georgia cities went to the port at the time of the ship's coming into port. An attempt was made by these to board the ship for the purpose of selecting maids from among those present. But this privilege was denied. But no sooner had these pretty, strong, and intelligent-looking servants stepped from the gangway than a rush was made by these servant seekers in a way that brought the blushes to the cheeks of the new arrivals, according to the story told by an eyewitness.

At first this mad rush on the part of strong men to solve the cry of the kitchen and the cause of nervous headaches and utter prostration on the part of their wives battling with the present conditions rather startled the German and French girls. I looked very much as if an attempt was being made to capture them, and for what purpose those most concerned did not know. But several of the interpreters present immediately explained that they were men merely seeking servants for the purpose of keeping their homes in order, waiting upon their wives, and caring for their children.

There were not nearly enough maids to go around, and as this was evident, the mad rush was precipitated with the landing of the passengers. When the amount of wages asked for was put by the interpreter there came a long silence on the part of the new arrivals. Finally one asked the interpreter if he thought $2 a week would be too much. This announcement, according to the eyewitness, only had the effect of further exciting the servant seekers. Not only did they offer $2, but they raised the bid until it seemed little less than an auction, and, except for the fact that there were no matrimonial entanglements, the scene was compared to scenes of three centuries ago, when the colony was very young maids were brought over and sold to the Virginia settlements on the James River at so many pounds of tobacco. All of which is most thrillingly described by Miss Mary Johnson in "To Have and to Hold."

Two Brought to Atlanta.

It was no time until these German and French maids were being whisked up town until such time as the next train would carry them and the lucky husbands to their destination. Among the fortunate winners in this scramble were two Atlantans, one of whom was General Agent Barbour Thompson, of the Southern Railway, whose interests were being looked after by a friend. While only a week has passed since the arrival of the Wittekind, these servants have proved to be quick to learn the language, and have proved that they were trained in their duties as only servants on the continent are trained.

Apparently the only difficulty is the provision of congenial companions, such as will keep them from getting homesick, and at the same time not prove so interesting as to lead them into the fields of matrimony. To this end, these servants are sending back to Germany and France for the purpose of bringing over other servant girls among their relations and friends.

The Wittekind, after taking on a big cargo of cotton, will return to Bremen, and then will once more return to Charleston, bringing other immigrants, mill workers, and others, and more German and French sewing maids. It is expected that the Wittekind will bring this next boatload of passengers and land them in Charleston some time in December. In the meantime, Commissioner Watson is securing all kinds of orders to induce more of these servants who have proved such a success to the South, and it is certain that with the ship's arrival there will be another scramble on the part of anxious husbands with a much larger delegation from Atlanta, as the renown of the maids who have come here is spreading throughout the city and State.

Chicago Movement Failed.

It will be remembered that some time ago a movement was started for the importation of a number of white servant girls from Chicago. This proposition fell through because of the fact that the demand for servants in Chicago is pretty much the same as in Atlanta, if not more so. But at best, these servant girls would have come here with all of the high and mighty airs of a long service in this country, and, according to housewives, would have demanded reception-room privileges, the retuning of the piano, and all of those requirements which are only funny when presented in the humorous periodicals.

But by this new plan the girls brought here know nothing of the independence practiced among servants, equal suffrage and all that sort of thing which is neither popular nor considered good form in the Old World. While it is true that they are unable to speak the English language, this is soon overcome, as they are anxious to learn. It is also believed that their coming will have a good influence on the colored servants.

Altogether, the arrival of the Wittekind and the fact that it is going to continue in its present service has marked a new and brighter epoch in the home history of the South, according to those housewives and mistresses who are in the best position to know about such matters.

MAGGIE TO THE RESCUE.

Acts as a Buffer Between Mistress and Rude Men.

From the New York Evening Post.

To a certain young housewife, unused to New York and apartment existence, the most terrifying of the new experiences was the dumb waiter. Whether or no her timidity made itself evident as she gave orders and received goods, it was true that the daily quota of ice was light-weight, the butcher late with his order and the grocer's boy surly and careless. But help came from an unexpected source. She had dared to suggest one morning to the laundry man that a collar was missing.The usual gruff denial had made her ears tingle, when from above came a voice:

"Kape a civil tongue in yer head, ye divil, and don't talk back to the lady. If ye do, ye'll get what's comin' to ye, or me name's not Maggie Murphy. Now ye find that collar before ye come next time, and don't ye fergit it."

Then, as the bully below departed, muttering something about its not being his fault, the same comforting brogue resumed in milder key:

"Don't ye mind thim, lady. They need a callin' down ivery now and thin, an' I'm the girl to give it to them. So I'll look after ye."

And she has. Maggie, cook and housekeeper for the bachelor gentleman on the floor above, has dispelled the dumbwaiter terror.

TO PENSION HER SERVANTS

Gotham Woman Has Had Them for Twenty-five Years.

Says Her Success in Keeping Them Due to Kindness—Thinks Trouble with Servants Mistresses' Fault.

After faithful service for a quarter of a century, Mrs. William P. Roome, of No. 114 West Eighty-sixth street, will pension her two maids, so that they may be secured against want and be comfortable in their old age, says the New York World.

Mrs. Roome, who has kept up a large house with three servants since her marriage to Col. William P. Roome at the close of the civil war, says that so far as her personal experience goes, she knows nothing of the much discussed servant problem.

"Of course, I have read and heard a lot about the strife between mistresses and maids," said Mrs. Roome, "yet I cannot understand why the warfare goes on."

Her third servant is the son of a man who spent his lifetime in the service of the family of Mrs. Roome's father, whose ancestors settled Greenwich Village.

"After many years of responsibility in looking after a large house," Mrs. Roome continued, "I have decided to give up housekeeping. After their close identity with my interests for so long a time, I feel an obligation to see that my girls are made comfortable and not thrown upon the world to begin again at their age.

"Perhaps I have been exceptionally fortunate; nevertheless, I can't help thinking that when there is trouble with servants, considerable of the blame must rest with the mistresses. Why, I never dreamed of giving up my servants, once I had employed them. During a prolonged visit abroad, I closed my house. I sent my maids to the country. The stories I hear about women turning their maids out in the world, often with only a few days' notice, when the family leaves town for the summer, seem to express a sense of cruelty. I don't see how women who do this—women who change so often—can expect to have faithful and loyal servants.

"What is the secret of my success? Oh, it is no secret," said Mrs. Roome, laughing. "I simply treat them like human beings—as I myself would wish to be treated. They have good rooms on the top floor, the same food we have and all they want. Their friends are welcome to come in and join them at dinner. The girls feel the same interest in my home as I do myself. I do not ask them to wear white caps.

"A mistress should not make promises to her help which she cannot keep. If women were as interested in the welfore of their maids as they are in their horses and dogs, there would be no big servant problem. Many servants are superior to their mistresses. I know women who feed porterhouse to their dogs, hash to their servants. There are women who find fault with their cooks when they don't give them enough to cook with. If mistresses would reform themselves, I believe the reform of the servant situation would come sooner."

DAILY FASHION HINT.

Printed Chiffons Imitate the Hand-painted Article.

Not content with hand embroideries, Dame Fashion has now decided upon hand-painted frocks, hand-painted sashes, and hand-painted everything else one can use. As such work is very expensive, and so within the reach of but the few, clever manufacturers have reproduced effective imitations in printed chiffons, which make up into frocks of undoubted beauty. Made over silk slips and trimmed paniers of lace or bands of delicately tinted velvet, the frock pictured represents one of the daintiest ideas of the sason.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Stories of Washington Life.

"I wish that you."
Said husband new,
"Would learn, for goodness' sake,
To make the pie
That erstwhile my
Dear mother used to make."

"I will," said she,
"Most willingly,
And greatest pains I'll take,
I'll make the pie
If you'll supply
The 'dough' Dad used to make."

* * * *

"When I pick up my morning paper and see how crime and corruption are rampant all over this land," says the old-fashioned gentleman, "I feel exactly like the man in a story of Col. Snyder, of Orange County, Va., used to tell. Col. Snyder was an officer in the Confederate army, and along toward the end of the war, one day, he rode up to a man who was straggling behind his regiment on the march, and told him to close up. The man was footsore, and hungry, and weary. He bore the scars of several wounds, and he looked altogether as if there were not much fight left in him, but he limped ahead as fast as he could.

"'I went into this war,' he said, 'because I thought it was my duty. I've fit, and I've fit, and I've marched and friz, and burned up in the sun, and fit some more. Blank me if I ever love another country.'"

* * * *

Talking about Virginians makes me think of a new definition of F. F. V. I heard the other day. A woman from the West was listening to a Southerner's account of himself and his family. Incidentally, he mentioned fully twenty families he was, as he said, kin to.

"I didn't know there were so many First Families of Virginia," said the Western woman.

"Oh, there are lots of them," responded the Virginian. "F. F. V. means Fifty-seven Famous Varieties."

* * * *

There seems to be some doubt among certain persons as to just what happened to the State of New York on election day. Indeed, I question whether one bet made on the result of the election will ever be paid because of this uncertainty. The two parties to the bet are young women, and no right-minded woman is going to pay a bet unless you can make her duty extremely plain to her. Unfortunately, they did not make the wager on the candidates for the gubernatorial office. Lucy bet that the Republicans would win, and Amanda bet on the Democrats. Lucy says Amanda lost, and Amanda, while admitting that she didn't win entirely, declares that Lucy didn't either.

"It's exactly like the condition our fleet at Manila would have been in if Dewey had been killed," says Amanda. "We'd have lost our leader, but we'd still have been victorious. Can I say the Democrats lost when only a few of them did? And has Lucy any right to say the Republicans won when they didn't elect a majority of their ticket? Don't you have to have a majority to decide anything in this country? If only part won on either side, I don't see how Lucy can expect me to pay. Next time I'm going to bet on just one man."

And, perhaps, after all, that's the safer way.

* * * *

The return of old-fashioned jewelry to favor has started Mrs. Dash on a still hunt for something I fear she will not find—not right away, at least.

"I want an old cameo breastpin," she says. "My mother used to have the very thing. It had a woman's head on it, but the head didn't stand out. It was cut into the thing. That's what I want. I want an embroglio."

* * * *

I have always maintained that ideas are quite the most valuable of all possible possessions, but till yesterday I didn't realize what an idea may mean when translated into financial terms. Once upon a time something happened in a newspaper office which gave a young reporter a hint for a story plot. He wrote the story, a short one, it was, and it was published in one of the most prominent magazines. Later, together with other short stories of his, it came out in book form. After a time, he dramatized that short story, but failed to find a manager willing to produce it. Not pleased with the thought of having his work for nothing, he turned the play into a novel—"novelized" it, as the people who do this unspeakable thing say. Out it came in book form, but at about the same time, or a little before, the author prepared a novelette form of the novelized dramatized short story, and one of the magazines published that. And after all this, the play made from the original idea was produced. I shouldn't at all mind being a person of one idea if my one idea paid so well as that young man's.

* * * *

There are two kinds of valuable ideas in the value of mind: one kind brings money in, and the other keeps money from going out. The second kind is usually feminine, for I never yet knew a man whose sole idea of economy wasn't smoking a pipe instead of cigars. And I want to congratulate a woman I know in her development of the feminine idea. Three years ago she had a suit made by a very good tailor. It was a conservative sort of a suit, with a rather long coat, and it betrayed the date of its manufacture in the sleeves only. They were without fulness at the shoulder. They were bell-shaped at the wrist, however. For one season she wore them that way. Two years ago she had the wrist part made smaller, and wore the coat so for a season. Last year she wore it merely to market. This year she's had the skirt of that suit cut up to make leg-o'-mutton sleeves for the coat, and she wears it with a plaid skirt. Next year, she says, she's going to have the coat bobbed off and make an Eton of it, and the year afterward she thinks she really must have a new suit.

* * * *

"I don't know how I'll face Clara when she comes home," said a woman I met in market yesterday. "She'll blame me, of course, for what her addle-headed husband has gone and done, because my husband let him do it. Clara went away to stay while William—his name is William—attended to the moving. Their new flat has a room they're going to use for a den, and William concluded he'd furnish it before she came back. He bought a rug, and, of course, he bought it just as a man does, late in the afternoon when the lights are on, in the stores. When it came home, he saw that the figures he'd taken for a soft rose color were bright orange. He writes stories, and he said he couldn't do a bit of work with those glaring orange things staring at him, though, of course, I know that what really worried him was the thought of the things Clara would say when she got home. He went around to my husband to ask him what he could do to fix it. It didn't occur to either of them to exchange the rug. My, no! No man would think of a sensible thing like that. They discussed the orange figures, and decided that the clever thing would be to paint them out, so off they went to a department store—yes, and I know half a dozen saleswomen just flew to help them. They'll all let you stand till your shoes wear out, while they wait on a man. William was set on rose color, but he didn't know whether he ought to use house paint or rouge, so the saleswoman showed him samples of everything they had in stock, and William explained how he couldn't think in the same room with anything orange. Finally he bought a palette and a palette knife and two brushes and a bottle of turpentine and a tube of rose madder paint, and carried them home with him. My husband came home and didn't think to mention the matter to me till after dinner. Of course I flew to the telephone to tell William not to put anything on those orange places, but some strong coffee, which would subdue them to something he could live with. First thing I said was, 'Have you put that paint on the rug yet?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, cheerfully, 'I've got the orange spots all painted out. The turpentine has run some, and that paint is brighter than I thought it would be, but as soon as it dries, I'm going over it with some shoe posh Clara left.'

"Really, I think they ought to have a sign up over the door of every department store. 'Men not admitted unless accompanied by wives or guardians.'"

* * * *

"Once upon a time," says a clergyman who always begins his stories in that way, "there were three colored men condemned to death in a certain Southern State. The evidence had been about equally strong against all three, and not one of them received any particular sympathy from the public. The day for the execution of their sentence arrived, and two of them were hanged. The noose was about the neck of the third, when up thundered a mounted messenger with a pardon for him. He was not guilty, it appeared; but still his presence in that part of the country was not desired. The sheriff imparted the news to him.

"'Get away from here as fast as you can,' was his advice. 'Go at once.'

"The pardoned man stood staring fixedly at the bodies of the two dead men. He seemed not to hear the sheriff's words.

"'Get away as fast as you can,' the sheriff repeated. 'This isn't a safe place for you.'

"The man still stared.

"'Don't you hear?' asked the sheriff.

"The man looked up.

"'I was jest a-wondering,' he said. 'I was jest a wondering,' pointing to the dead men, 'what you was a-going to do with they all's clothes.'"

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Personally, I can't understand why people are "taking on" so over Mrs. Parsons' conclusion that limited marriages might possibly better social conditions, unless it's because a woman isn't permitted to speak out as plainly as a man. Certainly the Washington correspondent of the Boston Globe, in his first novel, advanced the theory several years ago, and if "J. S. of Dale" hasn't hinted at something of the sort in his latest novel, I really don't know what the moral of his tale is. And, anyway, aren't we, in fact, living under an unavowed but nevertheless actual limited marriage regime? Expressing my surprise at a recent marriage to a friend of the bride, I was a little taken aback when the friend said, easily: "Oh, well, if they don't get on together they can get a divorce." That wasn't the attitude in my day, but unquestionably it is at present. If your marriage is a failure, why, you can always try, try again. Many thoughtful and many religious persons are scandalized by it, but the fact remains that divorce these days is merely a temporary annoyance, not a lifelong stigma. I have even listened to a divorced and remarried clergyman in the pulpit. Still, we must all rise up and call Mrs. Parsons anything but blessed. A spade may be a spade, but it seems so much nicer to gild it and tie a ribbon to it and call it a bit of parlor bric-a-

Facetious Pa.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Paw-uh!"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Whereabouts is Tomsk?"

"Midway between Billsk and Jimsk, my child. Any time you want to know anything, come to me."

Sometimes So.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Did Miss Millions buy a duke?"

"No; she only bought a dukedom; the duke got away."